Harold Weisberg
Rt. 8, Frederick, Md. 21701
5/4/75

Mr. Art Buchwald
1750 Penna. Ave., NW
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. B.,

Get with it, man!

You should have Coombed Barry and his sheep a little finer if you want to be a real expert on modern mammaliam nutrition. And the possible consequences.

Years ago it was discovered that the healthiest chickens were those who wandered in the barnyard and ate what it took Bess Truman so many years to get Harry to learn to say. Instead of, that is.

To this chance observation we are indebted for Vitamin B 12. (For real.)

Now this Trumanesque ingredient, which is less scarce in Washington than anywhere in the world and least scarce in newspapers, is being used to run cars.

Have you stopped to think of what could happen on, say, the Jersey Turnpike during a fog when a Ford press conference was fed into an innocent engine?

My God!!!! A President history's greatest mass murderer!

Unless someone can invent a car or a truck that can safely digest a Ford press conference.

Or a Nixon tape.

Or a Barry Goldwater speech on how we lost Vietnam.

Or a Stanton Evans editorial. (M as in mayhew.)

Or Human [sic] events.

Or the CIA budget.

Gad! Self-destruction looms ahead!

Quakingly,

Harold Weisberg